

**FREE
POSTER**

Vol. 1. No. 2. 50p

STARBURST

SCIENCE FANTASY IN TELEVISION, CINEMA AND COMIX

**RAY BRADBURY on
CLOSE ENCOUNTERS**

THE PRISONER

SPIDERMAN
-the feature film

STAR WARS



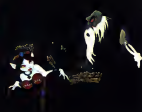
C-3PO UNMASKED

PLUS - SPACE CRUISER · SURVIVAL RUN · WIZARDS



'THE PRISONER' explained - see page 30

STARBURST



Last issue, in this editorial we promised we'd be round for a l-o-n-g time. Looking at all the hastily-assembled rip-off s-f magazines that have appeared since then, none of which appear likely to reach their second issue, makes it seem a long time already! Continuing our promise of giving you the top material, we've got quite a varied selection this issue:

Ray Bradbury, top American s-f author, takes a look at what promises to be a challenger to Star Wars as a box office smash, *Close Encounters of the Third Kind*.

We feature the first of our regular "Star Wars Interviews" in an extended conversation with the man inside C-3PO, Tony Daniels. And already prepared for future issues: Dave (Darth Vader) Prowse, Harrison (Han Solo) Ford, Carrie (Princess Leia) Fisher and producer Gary Kurtz.

Almost as a preview to next issue's look at the multi-million budget *Superman* movie, we take the lid off Columbia's *Spiderman* feature film.

On the television side, we've a very interesting (and enlightening!) lengthy piece on that cult series, *The Prisoner* (with *The Twilight Zone* to follow in this slot next issue).

Add to that our comic strip sections, colour-packed looks at *Wizards* and *Space Cruiser*, a bonus centrespread poster, and prize-winning competition and you can see why we had to push our letters column back until next issue!

Also next issue, more news on the new *Star Trek* tv series straight from the States as we receive it, plus information on *Star Wars 2*.

Dez Skinn

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****Starburst Magazine is available on subscription at £3.00 for six issues within UK (£4.00 outside UK). Cheques made payable to Starburst Magazines Ltd. Address all subscriptions and letters of comment to the editorial address: 3, Lewisham Way, London SE14.**

STARBURST MAGAZINE, Volume 1, Number 2, March, 1978.
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THREEPIO UNMASKED

An Interview with Anthony Daniels

Interview by Tony Crawley

Chapter-headings by See-Threepio

Painting by Ralph McQuarrie

Photos (c) 20th Century Fox

His first film was with the New York Opera Company in Belgium. His second was *Star Wars* and it took him, in little over a year, from the arid wastelands of Chotto el Djerd on the edge of the Sahara desert, to the tourist-filled forecourt of Mann's Chinese Theatre along Hollywood Boulevard in Los Angeles, where his name and footprints are now locked in cement for time immemorial, alongside all the movie greats, old and new, from Marilyn Monroe to Steve McQueen.

He is one of the very definite cult figures of the most successful film ever made. And yet, few among his legions of fans knows what he looks like. They wouldn't recognise him if he greeted them with a cheery "Hello—I'm Tony Daniels!" He is, and come what may in his future career, he always will be—See-Threepio.

Alias: Anthony Daniels. Born in Salisbury, raised and educated in Yorkshire. A solicitor or something in business management today if, finally, someone hadn't taken him seriously for once and said "You're always going on about acting. If you want to be an actor then why aren't you an actor?"

That was all the spur he needed. Everyone else, family, friends, fellow students and teachers, had all called acting a bum job. "Don't waste your time." And he freely admits, "I didn't have the courage to be an actor." Once pushed, challenged, however, there was no stopping him.

After three years in drama school, he won the annual BBC radio test for drama students and became a member of the hallowed BBC Repertory Company. Two plays a week, with time off for good behaviour... "Playing everything from humans, ducks, computers and sunflowers. From nice young men to nasty young men and Japanese young men..." He was rehearsing as a young Mexican when we met up for this exclusive *Starburst* interview... with the part of a young German to follow in his next TV role.

He quit full-time radio to play a 65-year-old

man in *She Stoops To Conquer* at Watford, followed by *Forger-Me-Nat* London, where he aged from 15 to 21 and also played his own son, aged 14. This work won him an invitation to join the Young Vic, which took him from their less than salubrious headquarter at The Cut, near Waterloo Station on tour throughout Europe and Mexico, into TV (everything from *Jackanory* to *Centre Plays*) and, eventually sharing the lead in the Young Vic's West End production of *Rosencrantz and Guildenstern*. He was still



playing Guildenstern every night up to a week before arriving in Tunisia to work for George Lucas... after the messiest costume-fitting on British record.

Tony Daniels is a good-looking (in fact, somewhat Irish-looking) young man. Very cheerful; his anecdotes are as full of accents as they are of italics and exclamation marks. He's exceedingly considerate, too; a non-smoker, he keeps cigarettes fresh in his fridge for visiting friends.

Somewhat bemused by the entire *Star Wars*

ballyhoo he manages to stay on the right side of sanity and level-headedness, despite fighting to and fro between Hollywood and London, and his usual forays back inside Broadcasting House, his acting womb, or up to Shepherd's Bush for a telly. He is currently, without question, among the most famous, best-loved movie stars in the world. And nobody knows his name, much less his face. It's a condition he's not unfamiliar with, due to his radio career. "People don't always connect a person with the voice they hear—it's the same with Threepio. In America, all the TV chat-show hosts expected me to be middle-aged, because that's how I played it in the film."

In fact he's a long way from middle aged. Superficially, he appears the exact average norm among young actors. And such young-bloods are fifty-a-penny these days, in Britain's overpopulated acting fraternity. He had, though, exactly what George Lucas required for Threepio. "A fastidious robot," says Lucas's book. He even introduces himself once as "See Vee Threepio. The Vee is for versatility."

That's Tony Daniels to a Tee. He had more versatility than Lucas wanted. Much more.

"I wanted a robot who walks like a human," said George when casting began in London, in the 1975 winter. "I need a mime to bring grace to the movements. I need a this mime. Otherwise, I'd have a fat robot."

With Tony Daniels, Lucas found a mime who could act. Very well. (Perhaps too well for George's peace of mind.) Tony painted Threepio so richly, in such an unchallengeably correct and virtuoso performance that Lucas had to capitulate. Very late in the day, George ditched his long-cherished thoughts on how the robot should sound and let Tony complete that which he had begun so vividly. Bringing the fussbudget humanoid to superb life.

But it was a long time in the making. All the way from sandwich film wrap—to a classic film rap.

STARBURST: So there you are, a new, young actor, doing very nicely on stage and radio, when out of the blue comes a big movie offer. Great! But as a robot. Not so great. How come you didn't run away? Playing robots must be, for actors, on a par with acting with children or animals.

DANIELS: Absolutely right! It can look a bit of a joke... What happened was this. My agent rang up and said, "There's this man called George Lucas..." Pause, while I said: Who's he? "He's very famous in America. He's making this film which is

going to be wonderful, the sets and special effects are going to be terrific, so terrific that all the budget is being spent on them and not the actors. And he wants to see you." Then, very quickly, she added, "Andisforarobot but I do think you should go and see him. It's a wonderful chance!" And I said: No!

Is that agent-chat—"he wants to see you"? Had he actually selected you from a play, or simply from a casting directory?

I was just one of all the actors in England... My qualifications were that

I was an actor, reasonably small, reasonably good at moving around. And so, I went to see him. And he's nice. There were a lot of artist's impressions of the film on the walls... Now he's shy and I'm shy, and that could have been difficult. But because of the pictures, we both got very excited and we talked. We talked for an hour! Which is unusual at this kind of interview. Then, I read a script. The first script... Really, I read it three times before I could understand anything. It was very difficult. But gradually, I began to see that Threepio

was really a good part. The fact that he was a robot didn't actually seem to matter very much in the script.

So, I went back to see George. Again, we talked for an hour. But I thought, "Well, this man isn't saying I can do it." So I had to ask him straight out, "Can I do it? I want to, do it!" And he said, "Oh yeah!" Like there was never any doubt. In fact, my agent told me he had decided the first time. I was pretty mad with her for not telling me, but she thought I might not have liked the part.

I loved the way he just said, "Oh yeah!" Like why was I asking—didn't I know? I was so excited, I jumped up and down in Wardour Street with excitement. That was November, 1975. We started shooting March 13, 1976.

During which time you were fitted up as Theeepio? A very lengthy process, starting I suppose, with a body mould?

Oh, disgusting! Revolting! Aha! I thought, Filming! Lights! Camera! Sound! But the first people I met at the studio were two plasterers. . . . I went down there on a very cold November day. Into a room covered in polythene and hessian. These two men walk in. With buckets and pails of plaster. (He assumes Cockney accent.) "Take yer clothes off then." "Oh! Haven't you shaved then?" Yes, I had, but they meant everything—all over. "Well, it's gonna be very difficult ennit?" "Yeah, the plaster—it'll stick to yer, won't it?" "No way," I said; I'd been through all that body-shaving routine for an operation once. Horrors! No, I said, go out and buy some sandwich wrapping film. They did and I ended up—well, so revolting you'd never believe it! I'm covered in Nivea, Vaseline, sandwich wrap and strips of rubber—to divide me into two sections.

They did me in two halves. The back half, with me standing there, shivering. Then, on my back, and they slapped the rest of the plaster on, to do my front. It was, I tell you, disgusting! Finally, they did the head. Which was wonderful. Sitting there in a dental chair, with a great ball of plaster on your head. Terrific, really restful!

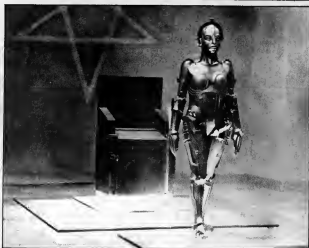
The whole thing took several days. And they got it all totally wrong. They rang up and said, "Have you got a twisted spine?" No, I don't think so. In fact, the weight of the plaster—very heavy stuff, full of hessian, to hold it together—had pulled my back to one side. So we had to do it again. With me lying down on my front to do the back.

This was my introduction to the glamorous world of movies! Looking around for a decent shower that worked, covered in thick Nivea, chasing towels to try and scrape this gunk off. Absolutely revolting!

Sounds a maily way to make a mould . . .

We ended up with the most horrific, anaemic, wrinkled, bald image of myself. Every little line and blemish had come out of the face. And being quite white, it looked kind of . . . yew! The chin was slightly out, because I'd been sitting in the dentist's chair when they did the head. No hair, of course! It looked like . . . a nightmare!

Then, Liz Moore, the sculptress, began



The screen's first-ever robot. From Fritz Lang's 1926 film, *Metropolis*. Note how McQuarrie based his original C-3PO design (page 4 this issue) so strongly on Lang's "Robotrix".

to make-up the figure with clay . . . She was wonderful. Just as filming finished, she was killed in Holland. Very sad! She really looked after me. She'd been the person who made the baby at the end of 2001, you know—that was her first job. She was very good . . .

Your moulding and Liz's modelling, how long did all this take?

Something like five months. From November to March. Right up until the last minute. Liz sort of went off in her own direction, with various designs. She made six different heads, for example. And we all discussed them. Then, George Lucas, Gary Kurtz, myself and the co-art director, Norman Reynolds, spent hours figuring out how a knee would work. An elbow. A wrist and a neck. Used to drive me crazy. I'd stand there like a dummy in the middle of all this, waiting to go and work in the theatre in the evening.

The final selection is often compared with the Metropolis robot. Was that Liz Moore's notion?

No, if you look at the original drawing, it's not unlike the *Metropolis* robot. And why not? That was one of the most beautiful robots ever made. And if you're going to make a humanoid robot—and Brigitte Helm was a humanoid robot in *Metropolis*—it's bound to look somewhat similar. But then, after all, people also say I'm like The Tin Man from *The Wizard of Oz*.

Not just you—the whole film is like Oz. Did you agree with George Lucas's final selection for the 'droid'?

I wanted one rather like the original, which is rather Greek and beautiful. And I was quite wrong . . . ! George selected this one as being one of the most neutral faces. I think it works fantastically well. You get the impression that it moves and

speaks to you, and, in fact, of course, it never moves at all. It's nice and surprised and rather frightened. I think it's the big eyes that does it. Suits the character so much.

Eternally raised eyebrows without having eyebrows . . .

Right! Though to begin with, I didn't know any of this. Every morning, I'd ask for a Polaroid picture to be taken of me. I just didn't know what I looked like from . . . out there! You can't close your eyes, put on something and then act, say, the part of a sea-urchin—you might be dressed as a banana! So you've actually got to see what you look like. I'd look at the photo and say, "Yes, well that's who I am today."

"Curse My Metal Body"

How did you feel when kitted up for the first time?

First time I had it on was the scene in the desert where all the robots are in front of the sand crawler. Took two hours to put everything on. And the pain was excruciating! It was very heavy—60 pounds of aluminium, steel, fibre-glass, vacuum-formed plastic and vulcanised rubber. Plus it had a lot of sharp corners inside. And the right leg just wouldn't close. The leg has like a small door in it. You put it on, and shut the door. But there just wasn't any room for me inside. I had a kind of permanent scar up my leg . . . and it would cut into me all over. When I came out of it the first day, I looked as if I'd been in Vietnam or something. Covered in scars. I could barely walk. Terrible.

But why? Five months' work had been spent on it to make sure it fitted you. . . .

Basically, it is still a marvellous design.

I still can't quite believe that it works at all. But it could have been better made. It was made in such a hurry. It would have fitted better if... see here (he points to *Threepio* shining bright on an American magazine cover), the outside is pretty smooth. But the inside had great chunks of plastic and stuff, which didn't do anything. Except stick in me. Also, it had warped in the making and they didn't feel up to re-doing it.

And, as well as all this, I was learning my lines, of course. Which are very strange... (He assumes *Threepio's* voice.) "Curse my metal body... I wasn't fast enough!"

Sounds very appropriate... But do you mean to say you had no tests of that costume in London? That you wore it first on location and straight into a take?

Well, I'd put most of it on before. In sections. Because they were still working on it, right up until the last minute. They did a little film-test to see how it worked. I had to walk around a room... using most of it. But, yes, Tunisia was the first real occasion and it was dreadful! The prospect of sixteen weeks in it was appalling—well, it was to be eleven weeks, but then the film went over-schedule. At lunchtime, people would blow whistles and wham! I'd be left alone on the middle of the desert. I kept it on for lunch that first day. Trying to eat the sandwiches was like being a crab with broken arms in splints—trying to get your mouth towards the food. A real tantalus sort of situation. Next day, I said it would have to come off at lunchtime, so I could sit down and eat and feel just like a human being.

What was the reaction of the crew and everyone on the set?

First time the other actors saw me, it was like they'd seen God. There I was, bright gold, gleaming in the desert, sort of wobbling along, looking... unique! The Tunisians had never seen anything like this before. They were kind of blown out by the whole thing. Kept coming up and looking, but they wouldn't dare touch me, they were

so impressed.

But everything that glitters...

Right! People were treating me something wonderful the first day... the second day... perhaps, even the third day. Second half of the third day, I began to realise they'd got very used to what I was doing. And they forgot that maybe this guy in there was tired and hot, hurt and hungry. Gradually, as the film went on, it became less and less pleasant. People always do get used to anything. Everything's wonderful, the first day. You just get on and do the work after that.

As filming went, I insisted on taking most of it off after major shots, so that I wasn't left for two hours in it for no reason at all. And bits of it got better. We found ways to work around it.

You keep saying "it". Was there only one costume or suit... or whatever you call it?

I call it "The Job". There's the scene where I fall off the mountain... and my arm falls off. The sympathy bit. That meant a spare arm... a denied head, a denied chin and a denied chest. So we had, I think two or three of those suits, and one or two of the other sections. There are lots of disposable bits. Like the mid-section.

We had a new one of those each time out, because it would get smashed up. Same for the hands. And the neck. And feet.

"We Seem To Be Made To Suffer..."

How did you survive between takes?

I had a leaning board. You know, the kind of things you see Lana Turner or someone resting upon when they have a heavy ball-gown... But that doesn't do any good at all. The weight is still going down to your feet. My feet just ached and ached. Sheer pain! Kenny Baker had it easier. When he was inside Artoo he was seated. Sitting in a baby chair inside

there...

Sometimes, they'd actually carry me on the leaning board, like an emperor. And I usually had a man with an umbrella following me around, looking after me totally.

Must have been hell in there in the desert sun?

In Tunisia, I was very cold most of the time. All the heat from the sun is reflected off the costume.

Could you take the head off between takes, like Chewbacca did?

Oh no! He could; I couldn't. I was bolted into that head! There were three bolts, below either ear and one on top. The head was difficult enough to get into, let alone take off...

What kind of vision, if any, did you have inside all that?

Total tunnel vision. I could only move my head a few inches. Anything else and I'd have to turn physically around. Again, all very difficult.

How long was it before you understood George's scenario. And how much did it change from the first version?

When I agreed to do the film, I got a new script... and my part had got much bigger, funnily enough. Then, four or five days before we got to Tunisia, I suddenly got a handful of pink pages. The first 40 pages... and my part had grown and grown and was getting very funny. It was very good when I first read it; then it became better still. Alec Guinness was very disconcerted. He likes to have a script, a complete script, long in advance so that he can learn it. But we just got the pages piecemeal. Eventually, we got the lot when we got back to England.

How did you relate to Lucas? Do you share his enthusiasm for Flash Gordon etc?

No, I know nothing about space. Well, I used to watch Flash Gordon and like it—and laugh. But my interests are not in science fiction at all, I'm afraid. Star Wars is the first thing. And 2001—that really impressed me. And parts of *Silent Running*... actually, maybe I do like space fiction. When I think about it, I do get quite impressed with it.

But you mustn't think that when we were making the film, that we'd sit down and have (hearty, Teutonic accent) very heavy discussions. There isn't time. You get on and he says, "Right, Scene Whatever, you do this and you do that..." and that's all.

Generally, my conversations with George would be "Hello George!" "Hi! Tony!" And maybe, "Okay Tony, can you do it again a bit faster..."

How did you persuade Lucas to use your vocalisation of *Threepio* and drop his?

Well, I looked at the script and gradually—reading it over and over again—you think about it and like anything else, you begin to get pictures in your mind. You begin to say the lines out loud to yourself. Suddenly, it begins to take on a format of its own. In a way, I was lucky. The first scene we shot was a kind of subservient scene, where the robots are being bought and sold. So there was a rather clear indication of how I should be in that scene. Then, very quickly, the character formed itself and took off. No arguments, so I just went on doing it that way.



On location in Tunisia, *Threepio* (Tony Daniels) being checked over before *Star Wars* "Tatooine" scene.

You were acting in each take, without knowing that your role might be dubbed later by someone else? As, for instance, James Earl Jones gave a new voice to Dave Prowse's Darth Vader.

Yes, I acted every scene. And this was why everyone was telling George to keep my voice. It was about half-way through filming that I began to hear things about dubbing. People, like the sound department and the editor, would come up to me and say, "I think you should know. . . ." And that made me a bit worried and rather unhappy for a time. But George seemed happy with what I was doing.

Just before the end, the producer came up and asked if I'd mind going to America if they decided to use my voice. And that, really, was the first time anybody mentioned retaining my own voice.

Everyone went back to Hollywood and I didn't hear anything. Months went by. I thought, maybe they're not using my voice after all. Then, I got a phone call. Could I be in Los Angeles in two days? Could I. . . I went over, dubbed the voice, came back and still nobody said anything. It was only when I first saw the film, I knew they'd used my voice—for sure. And it was in that Rolling Stone interview that I first learnt what George's original idea had been.

"This Time We'll Be Destroyed For Sure!"

Why did he need so much convincing about the worth of your vocal performance?

Oh, his reasons are quite understandable. We've talked about this a lot since then. . . . After all, the whole film is his dream. It was all in his head. And he'd just never thought of a posh English robot and found it very difficult to change his mind. Everybody else thought my voice—slightly higher and more terribly British than my own—was wonderful. Except him.

One American critic pointed out that most computers "talk" English anyway, rather than American.

Maybe. . . . But in George's mind, he'd always thought of this kind of (he adopts an almost Peter Lorre voice) sleazy, I-don't-want-any-trouble approach. I see what he meant. Personally, I don't think it would have worked. But then, I'm prejudiced.

You've listed troubles enough on, or indeed in "The Job". Now, though, did you manage to actually act Threepio—and so superbly—when you hardly saw your co-stars and worked in the main with a "half-sized thermocapsular dehousing assistant", which probably didn't make even a token noise-reply on-set?

"ZZZZZZ"—that's the only noise it made. . . . Normally, I was acting with a sort of metallic water-cooler on wheels pulled on a wire or controlled by radio. It didn't do anything—except bump into me occasionally! And that made me fed up! We'd have fairly long scenes, long discussions between us, where I'd say (back into Threepio's delivery) "Wait a minute—where do you think you're going?" Pause for a couple of beats. "Well, I'm not going that way. It's much too rocky. The other way is much easier." Pause; longer this time. "Anyway, what makes you think there are settlements that way?" Pause; short. "All right, go that way, go on!"

Very difficult to do and it gets on your nerves after a while. . . . talking to yourself! As well as acting, you (and not Lucas) were dictating the pauses that Artoo eventually had to fill?

Yes, and that's not easy, either. Very hard to think of your next line, when you don't have a cue. When you're acting with another person, he speaks to you and your cue is what he's said. That's why you have to listen to other actors in any scene on-set, on stage or anywhere. Because they're telling you what to say. That's why you should—you must!—listen! If you're just thinking of your next line, it doesn't work.

So the pauses were actually as long as it took me to think what he was saying, to work out how I should react and to come up with my next line. Because then, those scenes are edited, snipped out and about. They had a very clever man, Ben Bunt, who made up the whole Artoo language.

A whole new art form!

One of the clever things in the film, I think, is the fact that I, as a machine, turn around and talk to another machine. And you only hear what he says, reported through me. Which is technically very funny—a form of dramatic irony. You understand what he says, only because I speak.



The Tin Man (Jack Hulbert) from *The Wizard of Oz*. A source of inspiration for *Star Wars*' C3PO, in character if not design.

Another clever thing, is the way the humans and the robots relate. So you can get Alec Guinness asking me something as though I am human. In fact, Threepio's humanity—his human-ness—comes a great deal from people's reaction to him. They treat him like a human. They worry about him. He worries about them.

Let's face it, he worries, full stop! And then he's human all of a sudden. Though he happens to be made of gold!

Obviously, then, it was easier working with your co-stars?

I don't know how difficult it was for the other actors, but one of the things you miss playing Threepio is being able to look

someone in the eye. If you're playing a scene and you can't see the other person, all the time your eyes are trying to drag back. . . . and then the other actors are looking at your ear! If I'm supposed to be looking into an actor's face, I might actually be looking at his foot or his kneecap or something. And Artoo, as far as I was concerned, was a space on the floor over there—while he was actually right here, close to me. All very difficult. But you can get used to it. The other actors like Mark Hamill were very good at accommodating me, giving me space as I tended to take more room than most. I think it must have been quite difficult to be in scenes with me.

Although you've worked with some big names in radio, were you in awe of someone like Alec Guinness?

No. The only reason you should be in awe of Alec Guinness is because he's so good. He's such a nice man. He looked after me most of the time. He also said a lot of nice things about me, behind my back, but which were passed on to me. That he was very impressed with what I was doing. Also the various things I thought were bad, or wrong, he thought were bad. All of which gave me great confidence, because nobody else was rushing around giving out compliments. And, let's face it, being a robot can look a bit of a joke.

But the person who really brought the film to life for me was Harrison Ford. Until he arrived, there's just Luke, Ben, Threepio and Artoo, all whiter than white innocents. . . .

Oh yes, Threepio is very—totally—innocent. I think you're right. Harrison Ford is also one of my favourite things in the film. He gave it grit.

I love the way he looks at me when we first met—we wrote that bit in when we were dubbing. I just wander down, and he's there under his ship, and he looks at me, then looks away. . . . So I wrote in a "Hello sir!"—then he looks away for a "Jeez, what the devil have they got here?" on his face. Yes, I liked his performance very much. Very sharp. Very funny.

"I'm Going To Regret This!"

When did you first see the movie—at the American premiere?

No, at the first London screening in July. As you know, I do a lot of theatre and stuff, and on a first night you tend to be a little frightened. I was seeing the film at 10.30 am and I was so nervous, I didn't sleep the night before. I'd deliberately avoided watching rushes of myself during shooting, because it would have been easy to become very embarrassed and then just clam up. So I hadn't seen myself at all—except in those daily Polaroid photos and the stills.

The film started and I came on. And it was fine. "Ah, yes, I remember that bit." But then, I was so nervous, I didn't enjoy it. Every time I came on, I thought "Oh, geroff!" And I kept coming on. . . . In the first two reels, they had removed three fairly large characters and one very big scene with Luke's pals, Biggs Darklighter, Deak, Windy, Camie—which left me and my friend wandering about. A couple of lost souls. A couple of metallic cripples.

So, no, I didn't like the film at all—the first time. I could appreciate the special effects and everybody else's acting. But the second time, when I wasn't so tense, I thought it was wonderful. I came out like a child, eyes glowing.

You must have heard about the effects while shooting, but I'm sure they blew your mind as much as every audience.

Oh yes, we'd heard about this. (American accent.) "Okay, now this is the big scene with all the laser beams around you—but they do that in L.A." And they were better than I'd ever imagined.

Meanwhile, the film took off in the United States like an Apollo rocket, and you've been over there as part of the razzia-mo-tazz.

Yes, amazing! The TV talk shows went down well because people are always surprised to see what I look like. They tended to want me to go on the various newscasts, or the Dinah Shore Show or whatever, as Threepio. But I just wouldn't do that. I only wore it again for a Coca-Cola commercial. And for the main reason I was invited back there, to put my name and feet in the cement outside Mann's Chinese Theatre.

I've never known anyone get cemented so fast. Stars usually wait years to be invited for that Hollywood honour.

Yes, that's true. I know. I'd visited the theatre forecourt, like all the other tourists, the first time I was in Hollywood. Saw all the names, foot- and hand-prints—and the leg. Betty Grable's leg. And now I'm right at the front there, near the pavement. And I must say, I'm a bit embarrassed when I think about it. Not at the time—it was too frantic. But the next day, I thought: What am I doing? I've no right to be there at all. And I really mean that.

I don't know how it happened, who arranged it or anything. But the ceremony blocked Hollywood Boulevard. The police were furious. More than 3,000 fans turned out. I was so sorry for them. They didn't see anything. So badly handled. They just saw the back of each other's necks.

And so here you are back home, one of the very best known figures in movies today—and no one would recognise you in a crowd of one.

Very odd. It's something you accept. When we did the film, it never occurred to anyone that it was going to be this great. And this greatness has exaggerated all aspects of it—the duality of being famous and yet completely unknown. Sometimes, it's a bit hard to put the two together. At times in Hollywood, it would be *The Day*

of the Locusts all around me. Real Hollywood glamour. People rushing around wanting my autograph. All very exciting! Other times I would be totally ignored.

I don't think anybody goes into acting for the fame of it—they'd be very silly if they did. But it's rather odd to keep going from these hot and cold situations.

Surely part of the reason for acting, is to win recognition?

Not really. That's sort of secondary. I think. Personally, I don't like to get heavy about acting because I don't know very much about it. I became an actor because I wanted to act and there was no doubt in my mind about that. Therefore, it's a vocation. Like somebody becoming a chiropodist. They're not a chiropodist for kicks, if you see what I mean.

Your brand of fame must be envied by other stars though. You can have all the crowd adulation when you want it, and total privacy as well. Very rare.

Yes... like being rung up at 6.30 am today by The Star Wars Society of Florida...

What are they, youngsters or blue-rinsed matrons?

Older than I thought they'd be. Well, Florida is the American Bournemouth.

Well, they're all practising their laser-swords over there and making me an honourable Jedi Knight or something.

Didn't know they had such honours within their sway?

Oh yes, they all dub each other. They seem to be having a lot of fun over there.

On American TV shows, I suppose the obvious question was: Are you in Star Wars 2?

Wrong! In America, the obvious question is always: Do you make a lot of money out of this film? Anybody who's got some points in *Star Wars* is made for life, you know. I don't have a percentage deal.

Well; let's go mid-Atlantic with that question: How much will you make out of Star Wars 2?

Well, the sequel will start filming, as you probably know, around January 1979. It will involve strange, new locations—snow, jungle. It's still in a very rough stage. They've asked me if I'm interested in playing Threepio again. But I haven't agreed yet.

Why not?

Well, there's a lot to work out about it. If I make another, it will have to be a completely new costume. It would look exactly the same but weigh maybe like 20 lbs instead of 60 or 70 lbs. Be made of plastic—and no lumps or sharp edges inside!

You see, to be frank, *Star Wars* wasn't that pleasant to make. It was a rather uncomfortable experience. The thing that is mainly rewarding is the reaction of people. The fan-mail I get. I'm amazed that people want to take time to write to me.

That's because they all want you to make the next one... Finally, apart from all these magazine cover-stories, the fading scars, and your Threepio footprints cemented on Hollywood Boulevard—what is your main souvenir of being in the most successful movie ever made in time and space?

[He smiled.]
Flat feet...!



Threepio helps his sidekick, Artoo-Detoo, to be loaded aboard an X-Wing Fighter, about to attack the Death Star.



SPIDER-MAN ON SCREEN

Feature by Sam Dell

"Greatest of all today's comic book heroes...". "He appears on the covers of more than six million comic books a year, and his adventures are recorded in an additional ten million." "The world's most popular fantasy figure."

Is It A Bird? Is It A Plane? Is It Superman? No... it's the amazing Spider-man!

While the Salkinds debate exactly how many films they can make out of one script, and the special effects wizards puzzle over how to make him fly, the Man of Steel is being beaten to the screen by his biggest nemesis of all. Not the nefarious Lex Luthor, or the villains of the Phantom Zone, but Marvel's Spider-man.

Of course, to rush a project through, with a tv movie budget at that, means cutting a few corners. But while *Superman 77* (as it was originally titled) plods on, Britain is going to first see the screen adventures of old webhead instead.

DC (publishers of Superman comics) have been bitten before, though. They've already suffered from camped-up over-exposure. The audiences suffered too. So, after an initial boom in sales for Batman comics, the title almost died when 'camp' went out. And Adam (Bruce Wayne) Nest still hasn't been able to get away from the image.

Hence with Superman, they check. And double check. They approve. And double approve.

But Marvel, still suffering from the narcissus complex, step in where DC fear to tread.

And... instant MCA tv movie for America. Plus extra profit by making Europeans pay cinema prices to see their end product.

Truth to tell, their (live action) *Incredible Hulk* tv movie did so well, sequels are in production, along with tv live action versions of such stalwarts as *Captain America*, *Doctor Strange*, *Sub-Mariner*, *Ms Marvel* (Marvel Comics are pretty hip to today's social issues, they even have a Puerto Rican superhero). But the most outrageous up-

coming superhero tv movie has to be *The Human Torch* (can't wait to see him flame on).

So, while we wait for a pretty sure of a tight, well-made, star-studded piece of cinema in *Superman* from Warner Brothers, let's see what *Columbia* can offer in *Spider-Man*.

Spidey's creator, writer/editor/publisher Stan Lee tells us...

power of a hundred men, OK—so you'd be able to lift heavy weights and out-wrestle King Kong; but that doesn't mean you still wouldn't have to worry about dandruff, or acne, or hemorrhoids. And suppose you could crawl on walls and ceilings like a human spider. Wouldn't you still be concerned about postnasal drip, or warts, or the heartbreak of psoriasis? Wouldn't you still have trouble



Spiderman makes his largest leap of all, from the pages of Marvel's comic books to the live-action cinema screen.

"I decided to depict him as a bumbling, real-life teenager who by some miracle had acquired a super-power. He'd be bewildered, insecure, inept, ungainly, and often out of step with those around him. He'd be my kind of teenager. A loser... After all, who said that extra strength, or talent, or ability has to make a guy a winner?"

"If you suddenly gained the muscle

balancing your checkbook, or scoring with a girl who doesn't happen to dig costumed wall-crawlers?"

So, that's the premise. A superhuman hero with super-normal problems. Whether anyone would want to identify with a hero who has postnasal drip, warts, dandruff, acne, hemorrhoids and the heartbreak of psoriasis remains to be seen.



The idea is that Peter Parker, 97-pound weakling, school genius, supposed Joe Average kind of guy, is bitten by a radioactive spider and suddenly gains the powers of said creature.

He can climb walls, has super-strength, and has a 'spider-sense' to warn him of impending danger. Being smart, he invents a pair of mechanical web-spinners, that spew forth untold gallons of plastic fluid (no one explains where he stores gallons of the stuff, but that's comic books).

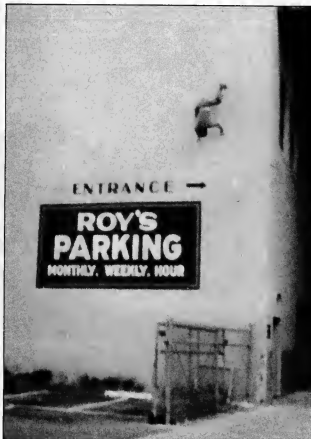
The story has Peter Parker (Nicholas Hammond) as a student scientist becoming Spider-Man, making his garish costume, and scuttling off to try out his

new-found powers.

Some of the Superman legend seems to have got tangled in Spidey's web, however, as the press handout tells us he can not only scale walls but also leap over skyscrapers. But it's the same handout that has the quotes this feature opened with. Somewhat dubious facts, but that's show business.

While trying out his powers, Spider-Man attracts the lovely Judy Tyler (Lisa Eilbacher—terrific stage name, that). Judy has been seeking out help to exonerate her professor-father from criminal charges.

The film's producer, Edward Montagne believes the great popularity of



Spider-Man is due as much to his incompetence as to his super-deeds. "He's a relatively new kind of folk hero," says Montagne. "He's not perfect. As a matter of fact, he's not always sure what to do with his super-powers. He makes mistakes."

... Let's hope Marvel Comics haven't made a mistake in trying to move their number one hero from a four-colour comic book to the live action big screen.

Nicholas Hammond (as Spider-Man);
Lisa Eilbacher (Judy Tyler); Michael
Pataki (Captain Barbera); David White
(J. Jonah Jameson); Jeff Donnell (Aunt
May); Hilly Hicks (Robbie Robertson);
Thayer David (Byron).
Directed by B. W. Swackhamer;
Produced by Edward J. Swackhamer;
Written by Alvin Boretz; Script Con-
sultant Stan Lee. Released by Columbia
Films. Certificate U.

Top Left: Marvel Comics internationally-famous superhero. Above: The live action screen version scuttles down a building wall. Above Right: Nicholas Hammond as the Amazing Spider-Man.

Maya Merchandising

52 Roydene Road London SE18

The following is a list of some of the fantasy film magazines and books available from us. For our full catalogue, send a large stamped addressed envelope. All prices include postage and packing.

STAR WARS

FAMOUS MONSTERS STAR WARS SPECTACULAR. 64 pages packed with information and photos from the film. £1.50

FAMOUS MONSTERS featuring STAR WARS.

No. 138 £1.50; No. 139 £1.10

STAR WARS POSTER MAG. Nos. 1 & 2 (18 pages with colour throughout). 45p each

STAR WARS—paperback by George Lucas. This book of the film includes 16 pages of full colour photographs. £1.10

STAR WARS OFFICIAL COLLECTOR'S EDITION. 11 x 8½", 80 page magazine (24 pages in colour). Star Wars from cover to cover—FX secrets, behind the scenes shots—in fact almost everything you wanted to know about Star Wars. £1.16

STARBURST. The British magazine covering Science Fantasy in television, the cinema and comics.

No. 1, 52 pages (16 in colour). This issue features **STAR WARS**, **Star Trek**, **Jeff Hawke** plus a new short story by Harry Harrison. 60p

MEDIA SPOTLIGHT. No. 5: **STAR WARS**, **Trek**, **Godzilla**, **Shazam**, **Sinbad**, **Perry Rhodan**, **Logan's Run**. 95p

STAR WARS 1978 CALENDAR. Illustrated with full colour scenes from the film. £3.35

STARLOG. No. 8: Marion Ellison interview, **STAR WARS**, **The Fly**, **Special FX** (68pp—4 in colour). £1.10

STARLOG. No. 9: **STAR WARS**, **Man From Atlantis**, **Wonder Woman**, interview with **Gerry Anderson**, **Fantastic Journey** (80pp—32 in colour). £1.25

OUTER SPACE. (See also **Space 1999**). 46p

STARFORCE—This poster mag. includes **STAR WARS**, **British TV Sci-Fi**, **Sinbad** and **The Eye of the Tiger**, etc. 50p

STAR WARS PORTFOLIO (McQuernie). 21 superb pre-production paintings in full colour on glossy 10½ x 14" card. Complete with slip-case. £5.00

STAR WARS SKETCHBOOK (Johnston). Card-backed, perfect bound, 8½ x 11", 96 pages. The original drawings showing how the incredible equipment was developed. £3.15

HOUSE OF HAMMER. 52 pages in each, features, interviews, comic strips on fantasy films.

No. 13: **STAR WARS—Plague of the Zombies**, **People that time Forgot**, **Uncanny**.

No. 16: **SPECIAL STAR WARS issue—Saul Bass on Psycho**, **Rabid**, **STAR WARS POSTER**. 55p each

(Other back issues available)

SPACE 1999

THE MAKING OF SPACE 1999. Contains over 70 stills, including art designs for make-up and machines. 260 pages. £1.00

TV SCI-FI MONTHLY. (See also 'STAR TREK'). Issues featuring **SPACE 1999** are Numbers 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6 and 8. 50p each

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No. 34: **STAR TREK females**. 50p

No. 36: **Mr. Spock speaks**. 50p

JEFF HAWKE

'HERE BE TYGERS'

by Sydney Jordan

1989

IN THE ARMS
BEYOND THE ORBIT
OF PLUTO, ON THE
VERY FRONTIER
OF OUR SOLAR
SYSTEM...

AN ALIEN
VESSEL HAS
BERIRED IN
THE BIZARRE
OBJECT X...

SOMETHING
BOARDING!

...WHERE HAWKE,
ALONE, TAKES
COVER NEAR
THE ROOF OF THE
ENTRANCE CORRIDOR...

AS AN Eerie
UNHUMAN SHADOW
FALLS ACROSS
THE DOORWAY...

...IMAGES OF
THE BIZARRE
VISITOR...

FROM A PRECARIOUS
HIDING-PLACE, HAWKE'S
TELEVISION CAMERAS
SEND PICTURES TO
THE GALLEY...

WHO EXTENDS
TWO LEGS WHICH
DRIP THE RUNGS
OF THE TRACK WAY...

...AND IS WHIRLED
THROUGH THE LOCK
WHICH LEADS TO THE
ILLUSION ROOM!

WHAT
THE!

JEFF'S BEEN
SHUT IN!

SOMETHING ELSE,
SIR—HIS SUIT SENSORS
RECORD AN OUTSIDE
PRESSURE RISE!
IT'S AIR...

GOOD LORD! IT'S
ACTIVATING
THE MOVING
ROLLERS!

ON GALLEY

SUDDENLY, IN
HIS HEAD SET,
A PLUTING VOICE
...IN A STRANGE
LANGUAGE!

A
WOMAN'S
VOICE!!

273-011-
00:00-
1/0:00

A DIFFERENT
VOICE... ANOTHER
LANGUAGE!

JEFF QUICKLY FOCUSES HIS TV CAMERA SO THAT THE GALILEO CAN RECORD A CLOSE-UP...



HE ZOOMS IN ON WHAT HE THOUGHT WAS... THE EYE!

SUDDENLY A SMALL WATCH OPENS IN THE ALIEN'S FLANK...



THROUGH A DEVICE AT HER THROAT, QUESTIONS IN A STRANGE LANGUAGE



...BUT AS HAWKE PUTS OUT A FRIENDLY HAND...



FROM EARTH TO THE GALILEO, AN URGENT SIGNAL...



THE SYMBOLS ON OBJECT X HAVE BEEN DECRYPTED...



THEY CARRY A MESSAGE—REPEATED IN DIFFERENT LANGUAGES ALL OF THEM ALIEN EXCEPT ONE.



INCREDIBLY, IT IS AKIN TO AN ANCIENT PERUVIAN SCRIPT... AND IS IN THE NATURE OF A WARNING!



MAC HEARS WITH DISMAY THE SECRET OF THE SYMBOLS ON OBJECT X

THEY WARN AGAINST VENTURING BEYOND THE ORBIT OF OBJECT X...



THEY HINT AT A SAVAGE RACE OF BEINGS THAT WILL DESTROY ANY WHO DISOBEY!

OBJECT X IS LIKE A MARKER BUOY ON THE RIM OF OUR SYSTEM



YOU WILL COME SWARMED AND KEEP STATION UNTIL WE CONTACT YOU AGAIN...

I MUST WARN JEFF AT ONCE—BUT IT MEANS BREAKING RADIO SILENCE!

AGAIN THE ALIEN SPEAKS—in a language unknown to HAWKE...



SUDDENLY...

JEFF—THIS IS MAD! DO NOT TRY TO CONTACT THE ALIENS...



THE SUDDEN BURE OF ENGLISH HAS A STARTLING EFFECT—THE TINY CREATURE RECOILS IN TERROR!







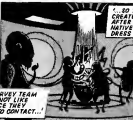
THE FIRST
FEDERATION
SURVEY OF
PLANET EARTH
TOOK PLACE
IN YOUR
PRE-HISTORY.



...IN THAT FAR-OFF TIME
THE SHIP'S DETECTORS
REGISTERED A NUMBER OF
PRIMITIVE CIVILIZATIONS
AND THE EXPLORATION POD
DESCENDED TO CONTACT THE
MOST ADVANCED OF THESE...



THE TINY
ALIENS TELL
OF HOW MAN
WAS FIRST
VISITED FROM
THE STARS...



'THE SURVEY TEAM
WERE NOT LIKE
THE RACE THEY
HOPED TO CONTACT...'



'...SO THE SHIP'S ARTIFICERS
CREATED A SPECIAL SUIT
AFTER THE MANNER OF THE
NATIVES' OWN CEREMONIAL
DRESS.'



'THE FEDERATION
SURVEYOR WAS TAKEN
FOR A GOD BY THE
PRIMITIVES...'

MARKER
HEARS OF AN EARLY
VISIT TO EARTH...



AND WHEN BLOOD
SACRIFICES WERE
MADE TO HIM, HE
TAUGHT THE PEOPLE
THE WAY OF
GOODNESS...'



'...BUT THE PRIESTS
WOULD NOT RELINQUISH
THEIR ROLE BY FEAR—
AND ATTACKED THE
SURVEY PARTY, WHO
LEFT EARTH SOON
AFTER.'



THE ALIEN
CONTINUES...

'SUBSEQUENT VISITS TO
EARTH SHOWED THAT
MAN HAD LEARNED MUCH—
BUT STILL FOLLOWED THE
WAY OF RAPINE AND
PLUNDER...'



'...EVEN IN THE
MARKET PLACES—
TORTURE AND
DEATH...'



IT WAS
THEN THAT THE
GALACTIC
FEDERATION MADE
ITS HISTORIC
DECISION...



'EACH SATELLITE CARRIES THE
SAME MESSAGE IN THE BASIC
LANGUAGES OF THE GALAXY...'

'THE GALACTIC
FEDERATION
GIRDLED YOUR
SOLAR SYSTEM
WITH MARKER
SATELLITES... TO
ACT AS WARNING
BEACONS AND
SHELTERS FOR
THOSE WHO RIDE
THE SPACEWAYS...'



...BEWARE OF
THIRD PLANET CONTACT
HIGHEST LIFE FORM
DANGEROUS AND
UNPREDICTABLE

YOU GET
THAT, MAC?
HERE BE
TYGERS!



NOW SEE THE FILM AT HOME

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WHEN WORLDS COLLIDE	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>
APOLLO 16	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>
APOLLO 17	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>
BATTLE IN OUTER SPACE	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>
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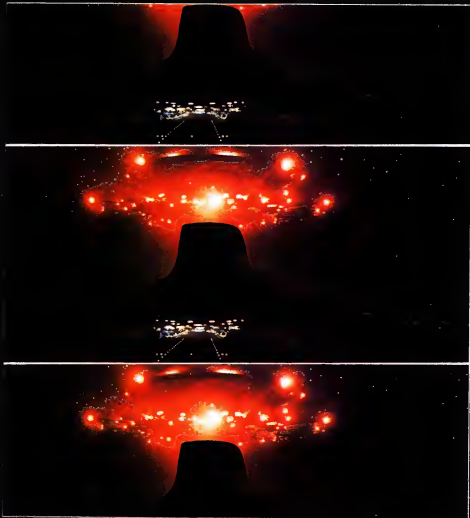


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RAY BRADBURY on



CLOSE ENCOUNTERS of the THIRD KIND

Many people consider science fiction to be a very limited field. The big film of 1977, *Star Wars*, went a long way to disprove that. It looks like 1978 will go even further in shattering the myth, thanks to the upcoming Columbia film,

Close Encounters of the Third Kind, which presents a totally opposite look at alien life-forms.

To cover such a film, it seems only right to get an expert's opinion. The following view is that of Ray Bradbury, one of the world's foremost s-f writers, with numerous books, short stories and films carrying his byline.

Close Encounters of the Third Kind is the science-fiction film we have all been waiting for. In fact, we were waiting for it before we were born. The ghost in us, the secret stuffs of genetics, was waiting. The Life Force was waiting, waiting to be born, waiting to be called forth.

Close Encounters calls. We feel ourselves being born, truly, for the first time.

Let me rewrite that first sentence. We weren't waiting for a science-fiction film. We were waiting for THE film. With no label, no restricting category to smother and box it in.

Close Encounters is, in all probability, the most important film of our time. Do I bite off too much of the Universe, take more than I can chew?

I think not.

For this is a religious film, in all the great good senses, the right senses, of that much-battered word. For if you check your dictionary on some of the root words from which the word religion sprang, you

will find this:

Religare, to bind back. Re, back + legare, to bind, bind together; or re + LE base leg, to collect.

We have needed to be bound together to the Universe, to the Cosmos. We have needed to collect our souls, our thoughts, our flesh, all in one packet, to feel a compound of the earth we live on, the sun we circle, the nebula we inhabit, and the stars beyond the stars. We are, after all, the Star children.

If this is true, and I think it is, Close Encounters arrives only just in time to save us from the dust-collectors, the graveyard souls, the self-destroyers, the Doom Makers who, whether they speak with the sick maniac scream of a Martin Scorsese or the epileptic soprano of Ken Russell, invite us slit our wrists, bang up our skins, and give over to the Death Wish.

The film's director, Steven Spielberg, senses that we have had quite enough of this nonsense, quite enough of coming out of theatres at noon to find it is midnight,

quite enough of jumping from high windows, with no net, quite enough of getting out of bed in the morning, taking one look at the world and wanting to climb back in to pull the covers over our heads.

Spielberg has made a film that can open in New Delhi, Tokyo, Berlin, Moscow, Johannesburg, Paris, London, New York and Rio de Janeiro on the same day to mobs and throngs and crowds that will never stop coming because for the first time someone has treated all of us as if we really did belong to one race.

Without saying it, Close Encounters implies the following:

The trouble with politics is that it is political.

The trouble with religion is that it is denominational.

The trouble with nations is that they are insular, chauvinist, national.

Spielberg, with Close Encounters, trashes the red tape, crosses every line, refuses labels and barriers. The film is apolitical.



While Gillian Guller (Melinda Dillon) looks on in fear, her son Barry (Cary Guffey) is fascinated by a sudden power-surge, making all electrical equipment flash on/off, on/off.



Its religion has no denomination. Its nation is that of the Greek philosopher who told us all to be Citizens of the Universe.

Its ethnic group is the stuff, matter, gene, chromosome, fire, water, air, multiple compound of empty space, meteors, comets, suns, and planets parading that space, and miraculous creatures in that parade, on those planets, under those suns, reaching out to touch flesh across a Cosmos; the grandest damned ethnic group in all the regions of the Great Mind.

For when the moment arrives at the end of this film when the greatest Encounter ever occurs, we feel one door of Time close for once and all, and the finest, most beautiful door, the door of true immortality, open upon tomorrow and tomorrow and

tomorrow. Suddenly we can see ourselves reflected and re-reflected down and out along Time without diminution, without exhaustion.

The thing we have prayed for, thought of at 3 in the morning, wanted at dawn, hoped for on some winter afternoon when the sun went down at 2 o'clock, has finally arrived into our hands—to encounter Forever and know it, own it, be it.

With Spielberg's extraterrestrial Visitors, travelling to blue-print/star-chart out the most titanic territorial imperative, we will go on a Journey. And the Journey, oh, do understand, oh, do feel, do see, will last a billion lifetimes.

This is the true promise at the core of *Close Encounters*, the thing which speaks so profoundly and so well that I dare to



predict that in every way, aesthetically or commercially, it will be the most successful film ever produced, released, or seen. It will be the first film in history to gross \$1 billion, all by itself.

And it will deserve each and every dollar that it earns. For unlike 2001, which almost knew what it wanted to say, but faltered in its conclusions, unlike *Star Wars*, which had little to say but said it with great technical flair and proficiency, *Close Encounters* knows exactly where the centre of the Universe is.

And the centre is that moment in Time when two fleshies reach across a five billion year experiment in birthing and look upon each other, as teacher and student, as similar impossibilities, and know that the long nightmare is over, and the beginning of eternal existence assured.

Every priest, minister, rabbi in the world should preach this film, show this film to their congregations. Every Moslem, every Buddhist—Zen or otherwise—in the world can sit down at this movable feast and leave well fed.

That's how big this film is. That's why it will be around the rest of our lives making us want to live more fully, packing us with its hope and energy based not on any false Pollyanna optimism, but on the practicality of genetics in ferment. The great truth it teaches is that human beings, no matter what their shape, size, colour, or far star-country of origin, are on their way to Becoming. Deciding to Be, deciding to travel in order to stay, deciding to live rather than dooming themselves to graveyard pits on separate worlds.



Richard Dreyfuss, star of Spielberg's previous smash-hit, Jaws, heads the Close Encounters cast. He plays a power company trouble-shooter, whose job brings him into contact with alien beings.



I will leave to others the fine task of saluting and applauding the mob of brilliant technicians whose names print out by the dozens at the end of this film. Douglas Trumbull's name shines in the forefront of that incredible mob, in charge of visual effects.

I will leave to others also any weighing and measuring the cast and their performances. My job here is to interpret what I think I have run into and been knocked down by.

Close Encounters, finally, causes us to remember H. G. Wells' 1936 film *Things to Come*, which grew a wild flock of children to become astronauts and land us on the Moon and Mars. In that film, Cabal, the hero pointed to the stars and the first rocket fired up toward them.

"Which shall it be?" he asked. "Do we stay on Earth and die, or do we move on out toward Orion and Andromeda?" "Which shall it be?" he repeats.

What was asked in 1936 is answered in 1977 in a full, strong, glorious young voice. Steven Spielberg, probably the son of H. G. Wells, certainly the grandson of Jules Verne, and the prophet of our new book of Genesis, has shouted his reply.

It is in the affirmative. We are, after all, we tiny humans, we paradoxical monsters, we lovely beings, worth saving.

The echoes of his filmed reply will move on through all the generations to come.

CLOSE ENCOUNTERS FROM PRIVACY TO PROFITS

Steven Spielberg has been explaining the security blanket of total secrecy which surrounded the shooting of *Close Encounters* . . .

He was guarding his project against his one-time employer—American television. "Those damn movies of the week for tv (in particular). They'll shamelessly rip off your story and your characters. I didn't want to see *Encounters* on ABC, NBC or CBS before it's opened."

After recent lookalike episodes of *Bionic Woman* and *The New Avengers*, we know what he means. Both shows strayed deep into *Demon Seed* country, pitting their similarly blonde heroines, Lindsay Wanger and Joanna Lumley, against giant, malevolent computers . . .

Ironically, though Spielberg may well be grateful to TV in the end, his UFO epic needs to end up among the top eighteen films ever made—before it starts making any profit!

Final costs come in at around \$19 million. Add a further \$8 million spent by Columbia on advertising and publicity—and a full \$30 million is required simply to cover the basic negative and marketing costs. Columbia's distribution overheads means the film has to earn around \$45 million—just to break even at the box-office.

Half of that figure was already in the bank, raised in theatre guarantees, before the film was even seen. Picking up the same



amount again is not going to be hard. But then, and only then, does the film enter the profit margin. All those other eighteen movies which have earned \$45 million and beyond, were, of course, well into profit at that stage.

So the eventual TV sales will help put the final icing on the *Encounters* cake. Black icing, hopefully; not red.

Meanwhile director Spielberg has also complained about the first and none too ecstatic reviews of his film—following sneak-previews in Dallas. One critic was so savage about the film's deficiencies, it caused a mild selling panic among Columbia stockholders.

"The sneaks were for changes, not for reviews," says the young director. Since when he has cut about seven-and-a-half minutes from the release print, making it 135 minutes in all. Still not short enough, according to the *Time* review: "the flaws are those of excess rather than design," said critic Frank Rich. *Time's* notice, however, remained a comparative rave. But then, *Time* Inc., has money in the film.

So does EMI of London. *Variety*, which does not, called *Encounters* "a daring film concept which in its special and technical effects had been superbly realized . . . climaxed in final 35 minutes with an almost ethereal confrontation with life forms from another world."

Follow that!

Tony Crawley

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Roz, Branbury

SPACE CRUISER

Review by Tony Crawley

2199 AD. Earth is all but finished. The seas are dried up, the land is irradiated, the people living underground. The Gorgons are winning the galactic wars. Until the peaceful queen of Iscanadar sends a message that she has the answer to Earth's radiation blight. She adds blueprints for a time-warp engine to enable the remaining Earth forces to send a rescue craft to her distant planet, 148,000 light years away—and be back home within a year. If there is still a home to get back to by then. The Yamato battleship, pride of the Japanese fleet in World War II, is already secretly refurbished as the last hope of mankind; now with the time-warp adjustments, it lifts from the dust bowl that is the sea-bed and makes its Noah's Ark bid to save humanity as we know it...

Considering that Space Cruiser must have been in the creation stage at the same time as Star Wars—or indeed, due to its animated form, even earlier—it is amazing how similar the films are. Or rather, the stories, characters and mechanicals. Here is a young flier, not quite a farm-boy and sounding more like Tony Perkins than Mark Hamill, suddenly leading the good fight against the galactic nasties. Here is a beautiful princess, complete with interstellar message. Here is the time-warp, an exact double of Lucas' hyperspace effect. Here is a stellar battle right out of 633 Squadron again—in fact, here's another and another and oh no! yet another. Far too many such battles, without time to refuel the brain as to whose star-fighters are whose. And here, hardly unveiled until the final third of the epic, is a double for R2-R2 (one; not three as shown on the inaccurate poster design), utilising the same vocal register of bleeps and burps.

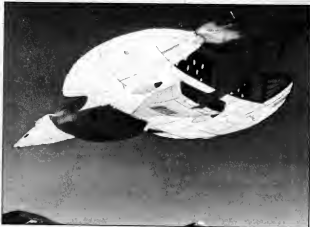
In essence, the film appears to be the Ralph McQuarrie production art for Star Wars in (jerky) animation. A moving story-board for a film to come. A better film, to be more trimmed in length, style and application. And, one would hope, un-animated at that. Indeed, the film's major surprise is that here in Japan, probably the most expert technical nation on earth, resorting to cartoonery instead of



the 'real' thing, à la George Lucas.

We understand the story emanates from a popular Tokyo newspaper strip. Certainly looks, sounds, feels that way. Indeed, given the over-complicated, over-populated and under-described storyline—an overkill of space wars with adventures piled up, incessantly, upon one another—it has the form of a weekly TV serial, knitted together in feature form. More plain, than pearl...

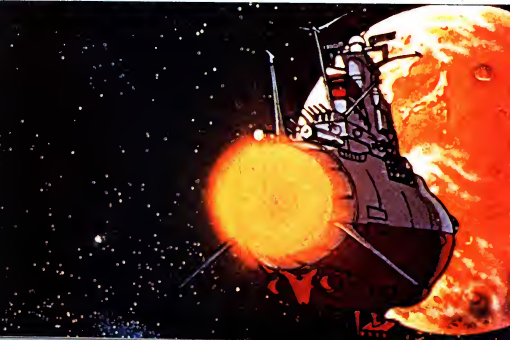
The first half is riddled with repetitious dialogue, more characters and planets than in the A-D phone book; very difficult to keep up with, minus a scoreboard. However, there does come one stunning sequence. Where the fiendish Gorgons make a triple-pronged attack on our hapless heroes in the Yamato. For once, the actions and the narration slow down, so that it's just us and them, just one tactical move at a time, one well-sprung trap after the other. Here at last, tension, suspense is introduced; and for once even the animation looks good. A spiffing sequence this,



Above Top: In ruin, the Cruiser Yamato, before blasting off as a rebuilt space ship. Above: One of the many varied space flyers of the Yamato.



Above: One of the mighty Gungan weapons, poised ready to strike the Yamato. Below: The Space Cruiser blasts down towards a planet.



STARBURST





**SPACE
CRUISER**



A beautiful piece of production artwork, showing the cut-away interiors stacked with mighty weapons aboard the Space Cruiser.

more than making up for the previous jumbled frolics.

It goes without saying that the Yamato survives—miraculously—everything flung

in its wake, which amounts to World War II five times over. By which time our young ensign hero is suddenly placed in overall command by the old Admiral figure, who

retires to his sick bed, to ruminate on how he ever time-warped from *Tin-Tin* or some such strip in the first place.

Between the ceaseless mayhem, there are many perhaps unintentional gags, including a doctor figure who seems to have likewise strayed from a Hanera-Barbera cartoon. But as I say, when the film tries, it works exceedingly well. And one cannot fault its moral: Make friends, not war.

While *Star Wars* is for kids of all ages, *Space Cruiser*—despite its phenomenal success in Tokyo last year—is simply for children. Where *Star Wars* glows with sheer, magical innocence, *Space Cruiser* sinks into a morass of utter naïveté. It's Disney time in space; about as childlike as its, to be frank, less-than-brilliant animation. Basically, the film appears to be a case of the Japanese making up for 1945. The characters may look Westernised, but their language is not. 'We must bear this humiliation,' Catch Han Solo saying that!

Not to be missed if you're interested in how the screen is heading towards science (or space or simple) fiction. Well worthwhile catching while it's raining and the *Star Wars* queues are too long... if taken as an *hors d'oeuvre* before the Lucas banquet. Very simple stuff; above all, simple proof as to why *Star Wars* is the success it is.

America has the Force, Japan has the farce.

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SPACE CRUISER

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the prisoner

Feature by Alan Grace

Mention the ITC tv series *The Prisoner* to most people and the chances are that all they'll remember are large white balloons and Mini-Mokes rushing around Patrick McGooohan in a meaningless muddle.

In fact, when the series was first transmitted ten years ago it caused complete confusion amongst the majority of the peak viewing audience and quite a deal of hostility, mainly because most people just couldn't work out what the show was all about. Even today it ranks as one of the weirdest and most thought-provoking pieces of fantasy/science fiction ever conceived.

The Prisoner followed closely on the successful *Danger Man* series which also starred Patrick McGooohan as secret agent John Drake and had originally cashed in on the spy/thriller type of film so popular during the early 1960s. Naturally everyone assumed that *The Prisoner* would be similar.

Nothing could be further from the truth. In the first *Prisoner* episode, aptly named "Arrival", the scene for the entire series is set in the first minute's screening. The pre-credits sequence shows McGooohan in a Lotus 7 heading down a long straight motorway (which resembles an airport runway more than a road). He drives over London's Westminster Bridge, into a car park, and to the accompaniment of a strident signature tune marches into an



office. His fist crashes on a desk, followed by an envelope being thrown in front of the man who sits impassive before him, then McGooohan storms out. Apparently he has resigned, for his now cancelled-out data card moves along the mass of computer indexing to be filed away as he drives off and returns to his London flat. No sooner has he gone inside than another car, a hearse, draws up with obvious sinister intent. So far the plot is a familiar one, the facade that this programme is another

spy thriller being allowed to continue.

McGooohan, inside his flat, frantically packs his suitcase when gas begins seeping through the keyhole. He falls to the floor, unconscious, only to awaken in a strange room. Crossing to the window, he looks out to see a small town totally unfamiliar, a village of strange buildings with confusing architecture. What he does not yet know (nor do we), is that it is a place from which he will never escape, a place he will spend the rest of his time wondering why





he is there, who put him there, where is "there" and how he can escape. Thus McGoonan/Drake becomes *The Prisoner*.

This pre-credit sequence is one of the tautest pieces of tv film-making ever, not a shot is wasted, editing has left the basic essentials to tell the most possible in minimal time. In fact the entire sequence only lasts two and a half minutes, and this pattern is followed throughout the series. The cinematic techniques are excellent, each episode succeeding in maintaining the high quality of construction that sets film apart from any other form of art. In no way can *The Prisoner* be referred to as "televised plays", in fact McGoonan at times carries the symbolism and allegory that the medium of television allows much too far for simplistic viewing. Much of the meaning behind the series is lost on an initial viewing, and this could be one of the main reasons why *The Prisoner* has never been recognised for the unique art that it undoubtedly is.

The first hints that something is amiss in McGoonan's new environment soon appear after the opening sequence in "Arrival". Wanting to leave, he goes to the door of the house in which he awakes, and is surprised to find it opens of its own accord. (Later we discover that this door opens to the Prisoner only at certain times, and that if he tries to leave his house after

curfew the door remains closed.) He walks into the small town square to find out where he is, but everyone he asks evades his questions, refuses a straight reply. "Where am I?" he demands. "In the Village" is the vague response. No-one seems to know, or even care, about the whereabouts of the mysterious "Village", and the Prisoner eventually returns to his house where he notices a sign outside with a number . . . Number 6. Bewildered and frustrated he goes back inside to find the phone ringing. "Is your number 6?" the operator asks.

Much is made in *The Prisoner* of our dependence on numbers, in fact virtually everyone in the Village is known by a number, there are no names. The Prisoner is number 6, his main adversary is number 2, and the rest of the cast sport a variety of numbers that identify them, all wearing a badge with their number superimposed on a picture of a penny-farthing. The Prisoner wears his badge for only a few moments before tearing it off, exclaiming "I am not a number—I am a free man!" This statement reveals much of the secret of the series.

The Prisoner can be taken on several levels. On the surface it is a spy thriller after all (with a science fiction slant) for we soon learn that the reason for Number Six's abduction is that he has been removed until "they" can discover the real reason

Number Two represents all forms of authority in the world today . . .

why he resigned. Exactly who "they" are is never revealed, whether his former employers at Whitehall or some enemy country, but whoever "they" are, they have created the Village to intern dangerous ex-agents and brainwash them. The Prisoner is never sure if it is all a plot by foreign powers to find out what he knows, or simply a way of keeping him from defecting.

But this surface level of understanding is difficult to take too literally, for many of

the gadgets and methods used by the Village are too fantastic for normal belief. Escape from the village is impossible because of the *Rovers*, seven foot high balloons that are able to pursue and smother any potential runaway. Not only is the Rover apparently capable of independent thought, but it can change size rapidly, appear anywhere in the Village instantly, in fact act as a total mobile force field that is totally impenetrable. It is, by definition, impossible.

There are other signs that suggest the spy story cannot fully explain all that the series has to offer. At times the other Villagers (supposedly other secret agents who defected or resigned), can disappear completely, to reappear in a few moments, as in the episode "Many Happy Returns." The techniques of brain-washing and mind manipulation are beyond the capabilities of today. The mysteriously-controlled doors throughout the Village that open and close, the radio without wires or other apparent power source that continuously plays soothing music interspersed with propaganda, the lack of explanation for food supplies, all these things are both unexplained and inexplicable. But in reality—do they matter?

Once the idea that the series is meant to be more than just a spy thriller is considered, then the whole concept of the Village takes on a new meaning. The story was never meant to be taken literally, it was intended as a framework to allow the viewer to think about aspects of life in the civilised world of today. The Village serves as a model of the world. Number Six is the one man trying to remain an individual in a society that tries to make him conform, to make him lose that individuality for the good of society as a whole. Number Two, the mysterious leader who tries to break Number Six and find out why he has resigned, represents all the forms of authority in the world today. Escape from the Village is impossible, as is escape from civilisation. But rather than





accept that fact, the Prisoner represents that individualism within us all that rebels, only to be forced back into line at the end of each episode. Whether or not he should be allowed to escape, or we allowed to rebel, is never truly answered.

And so the series begins to unfold. "Arrival" sets the scene for us and introduces us to the concepts behind the series. When the next episode begins Number Two has changed, a new man has been found to try and break Number Six, a new form of authority. Each episode deals with another aspect of Village life, and with another escape attempt which fails. It is possible to see analogies in the various plots for edu-

cation, justice, politics, freedom of speech, art, crime, almost every aspect of life as we know it. How we let others control our life-style, our beliefs, even our dreams is parodied in the almost idiotic acceptance by the other Villagers of anything and every-

For Number 6 to escape from The Village is impossible, as is escape from civilisation.

thing, only Number Six rejects, questions, refuses to believe. And only Number Six asks "Who is Number One?"

Despite the fact that Number Two is the visible authority, he is always at the beck

and call of a higher authority, a person we never see or hear but communicates with Number Two by phone, the enigmatic *Number One*. As the weeks passed the identity of Number One became the talking point of those following the series, although many people lost patience with the refusal of McGoohan to give answers, instead forcing his audience to work for their entertainment.

Was Number One the silent butler, a figure played by the late Angelo Mascia, who appeared in virtually every episode yet never spoke? Was Number One the Supervisor, the man who put into operation the various orders given by Number Two?



No him was ever given. It was impossible to guess.

As the weeks passed, the ratings began to drop and so the original idea of 26 episodes was cut to 17. Patrick McGoochan then announced that the answers to the whole series would be given in the final episode, entitled "Fall Out." This was perhaps McGoochan's best way of holding his audience, for most people assumed that all would be made clear. It was not to be so.

"Fall Out" is undoubtedly the strangest episode of all. The Prisoner is brought into a cave after recently winning a fight to the death with Number Two, where he faces an audience of cowed figures presided over by a judge.

He is given back his individualism, won at the expense of the old Number Two, and taken at last to meet Number One. He is led to an operations room where another cowed figure sits holding a crystal ball, its back to the door. McGoochan approaches Number One. The figure turns. The cowl falls away to reveal the face of a grinning ape. Number Six rips the monkey face away to reveal his own face, grinning idiotically. The figure faces him for an instant—then runs before we, the audience, have time to grasp what is happening. The final few minutes show Number Six bring about a holocaust of destruction upon the Village before returning to his old flat in London along with the Butler. He climbs in his car, the Lotus 7, and drives off. The Butler goes to the door of his London home.

The door slides open, the Butler goes in, the door slides shut. The door acts and sounds exactly like the door of the Number 6's house in the Village. The final confirmation that the Village is only a symbol for the world as a whole.

And what of the Prisoner himself. As the episode closes we see him in his car, driving down a long straight road resembling the runway of an airport. A full circle. We are back at the beginning again.

There was outrage when "Fall Out" was first broadcast. The switchboards were jammed with viewers, enraged because the last episode hadn't explained anything at



all—it had been more infuriating and mysterious than all of the previous episodes put together. People felt cheated, they had expected a neat explanation that would tie up loose ends. They *thought* they had received nothing.

What they had received was the key that the series was always intended to mean more than just the surface level spy story about secret agents held in a mysterious Village.

Number Six finds throughout his escape attempts that he can never trust women, they invariably betray him.

The real theme of *The Prisoner* was the fight of Number 6 to remain an individual in our ever-increasingly computerised, categorised, conformist society. The background was irrelevant, the spy story just a layer of icing to hold the series together in an acceptable form. The episodes were all depicting various aspects of society that fitted into both the main theme and also the spy story. And each episode was filled

with so many sub plots, inferences and little touches of detail that it was up to the individual viewer to get as much (or as little) out of each story as he wanted. In fact there was no definite answer or conclusion to the series, for to do so would spoil the subtle interpretations that each of us could ponder or debate afterwards.

Take, for example, the identical doors in Number 6's house in the Village and London flat. Is it not possible that McGoochan is telling the viewer that the house in the Village and the London flat are one and the same? That the Village was not really a separate place into which Number 6 arrived, but was in fact the real world.

With this realisation I began to re-examine the whole series, to see depth in the stories, to make my own conclusions about the whole series. When it was repeated recently I watched again with new insight, and I saw even more meaning, gained even more enjoyment. Like good art, be it music or literature, the *Prisoner* is the only television series I know that becomes richer with repeated viewing.

A quote from a magazine in 1968 by Patrick McGoochan states it all. He says, "The object of the television series, *The Prisoner*, was to create a feeling of unrest about life today. It was an abstract impression of the world we are living in and a warning of what would happen to us when gadgetry and gimmickry take over from creative people. From the beginning of the series the character called Number One was responsible for death, torture and war. So the worst enemy of man is surely himself; the evil in him the worst thing on earth."

Even ten years later, with rescreenings across the whole country, wide controversy still exists over the exact meaning of the series. Because so much of *The Prisoner* is left to each person to interpret many varying ideas are put forward.



Some consider the affair to be the gradual breakdown of one man's mind, a kind of personal nervous breakdown of the character McGooohan portraits.

Another idea is that the story is to be taken on face value; that the Village really does exist, that the spy story is the only theme.

Whether one, all or none of these theories is correct is immaterial to the total enjoyment, and thus **The Prisoner** remains unique television.

Although Patrick McGooohan is the only regular well-known actor throughout the series (Angelo Muscat as the Butler and Peter Swanwick as the Supervisor being the only other fairly regular parts), a succession of well-known personalities follow each other in the role of Number Two. Leo McKern is probably the best remembered for he played the part three times in all, in the episode "The Chimes of Big Ben" and in the final two episodes "Once Upon A Time" and "Fall Out", and he has retained a favourable impression of the series to this day.

Other actors spring to mind such as Peter Wyngarde, Darren Nesbitt, Patrick Cargill, Colin Jordan, and Kenneth Griffiths. Women, however, tended to take more of a back seat (although such actresses as Virginia Maskell, Jane Mellow and Rosemary Crutchley play opposite McGooohan) and the element of sex is virtually absent from the entire series, with Number Six finding throughout his escape attempts that he can never trust women, they invariably betray him. Indeed in the final episode McGooohan escapes from the Village without apparently considering taking a woman with him, and most of the roles played by females consist of subservient background roles (the waitress, the maid, the secretary). Could this be McGooohan commenting on life in society again?

Much of the success of the Village lies in the existence of a place already designed and built to resemble a mixture of designs and architecture by the Welsh architect Sir Clough Williams-Ellis. In the final episode the location of the Village is revealed to be

Portmeirion, on the coast at the head of Cardigan Bay, built as a tribute to Portofino in Spain and still owned by Sir Clough. In fact the hotel Portmeirion takes guests still and the Village is visited by the **Prisoner** fans each year almost as a form of pilgrimage.

Memories of the **Prisoner** still remain very much a personal thing—some people remember certain episodes, some remember the theories behind the themes shown, some the characters—but certain features are easily remembered by everyone who has seen perhaps all or only a few of the episodes.

The firm favourite must be the *Rovers*; the name given to the large balloon-like objects that act as a police force within the Village. Their presence is menacing, their power absolute. They literally stifle escape by suffocation of the victim, and they have total control of their environment (even to the extent of being able to herd a ship back to port in the episode "Checkmate").

Rover was conceived as the only practical way of making the Village totally escape-proof, so that boat, car or helicopter were all subservient to the fantasy-element of capture without resorting to excessive violence. With Rover patrolling the perimeters of the Village there was never any need to attack Number Six, for if he did escape he would always be brought back.

Thus Rover is part of the allegory, part of the idea that the Village represents the world and there is no escape from our world. If we try and back the system we are often smothered, either by red tape and officialdom or in some cases by kindness and good intentions. There are many forms of Rover in our society. We have only to look to find them.

Another memory must be the catch phrase "Be Seeing You?" This is more subtle, for it can be heard often enough as part of everyday speech today, yet in the series the phrase takes on sinister overtones. Everybody says it, even Number Six (though he uses it as if in defiance of his captors). It stresses the fact that life in the Village is inevitable, each person must see

the others because none of them can escape.

Perhaps the most enigmatic symbol though is the penny-farthing. The end-titles are seen over the background of a drawing of a canopied penny-farthing, the badge of each person in the Village has the symbol of the penny-farthing, there is even a real penny farthing in Number Two's control room, so the thing is obviously intended to have a prominent significance. But what? It is never explained, not even hinted at.

One possible explanation is that in our world the penny-farthing resembles the ultimate in unreality, and a penny-farthing with a canopy tops that! Another is that the two wheels, a smaller next to a larger, act as a key to the concept that life, history, everything, exists as circles as does the series itself (the fact that the very last shot of "Fall Out" is the same as the first shot of the lead in is often interpreted as a circle—as "Fall Out" ends then the first episode, "Arrival", begins again).

But there is always the danger of taking the whole show too seriously. Some fans analyse each shot, each sentence, to high degrees of detail that was hopefully not intended by Patrick McGooohan. Too intellectual an approach spoils the enjoyment of the show, for basically viewing **The Prisoner** should be fun as well as stimulating.

The preceding feature represents Alan Grace's interpretation of the TV series (with the grateful knowledgeable help of Six of One). It is not meant to be a definitive piece on the series. In fact, a further feature in our interrupted Telefantasy series (which started last issue on Star Trek will follow later in the year, giving a full cast and credits listing for the series.

*However, by way of promoting a healthy letters column, if you have your own view on **The Prisoner**, put it in writing. The best opinions will be printed next issue.*



SIX OF ONE

In December 1976, *The Prisoner* was being transmitted in the Cheltenham area. At the end of the penultimate episode, "Once Upon a Time", the TV announcer thanked viewers for their letters concerning the show. One fan, David Barrie, decided to contact ATV, and because of this, following the final episode, his name and address was given over the air, and the knowledge that anyone interested should contact him for a mutual chat about the show.

The response was phenomenal. Within 2 days alone David received 170 letters.

With a response like that, what else could he do but set up an appreciation society?

And so, on the *sixth* of the *first*, 1977, with Patrick McGoochan having accepted the position of Honorary President, The Prisoner Appreciation Society was formed.

Today, the society continues to grow, with over 2,000 members receiving the quarterly publication, *Alert*. This fascinating magazine being a must for every true No. 6 fan, as each issue contains 26 pages of news, views, ideas, opinions and interpretations of the show.

Also produced are badges, tee-shirts, photographs, stickers and assorted paraphernalia, although the essence of the society is to promote ideas, not make money.

Possibly the most important point is that the society is spearheading the revived screenings, and has an intelligent approach, rather than the usual "hero worship".

This April, a Prisoner Appreciation Convention is being organised by the society, so anyone interested in the society, the newsletter and the convention should get in touch with the organisers at: Six Of One, The Prisoner Appreciation Society, PO Box 61, Cheltenham, Gloucestershire. Their subscription/membership rate is £2.00 per annum plus 5 large stamped, addressed envelopes . . . and be sure to mention *Starburst* when you write!

The society's name, Six Of One (chosen rather than Prisoner Appreciation Society, for reasons obvious to anyone who's seen either *Within These Walls* or *Porridge*!) comes from Patrick McGoochan . . .

When asked why he chose *Number 6* to represent the individualistic thinker among a mass of numbers, McGoochan replied, "Six of one . . .", leaving the sentence unfinished.

The remaining ". . . half a dozen of the other" says it all. The Prisoner could be, is meant to be, any one of us.

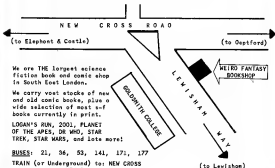
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BUT TO THE
ALIENS, WE
ARE THE WILD
BEASTS!



IT IS TRUE
THAT MAN IS
STILL CAPABLE
OF THE BESTIALITY
WHICH YOUR
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RECORD...

BUT THERE
IS ANOTHER
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HAWKE'S
PLEA FOR
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EARTH IS
STILL YOUNG
—AND WE MEN
ARE CHILDREN
IN A DANGEROUS
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MANY
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HAVE COME
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TRUE! BUT
OTHERS TAUGHT
LOVE AND
COMPASSION,
AND THAT ONLY
THE MEER SHALL
INHERIT THE
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HAWKE
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...AND FINDS
ONE RECEPTIVE
LISTENER!



BUT OFFICIALDOM
CANNOT REMAIN
SILENT FOR TOO
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ENOUGH!



...THESE
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MUST BE
REPORTED IN
FULL, TO THE
FEDERATION
COUNCIL!



HAWKE, LIKE
ALICE IN
WONDERLAND,
PEERS THROUGH
A DOOR HE
CANNOT ENTER



THE COMMUNICATION
SECTION, MY FRIEND...
MY SPECIAL
RESPONSIBILITY



THE FEDERATION
CONTROLLER WILL
BE SURPRISED TO
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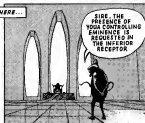
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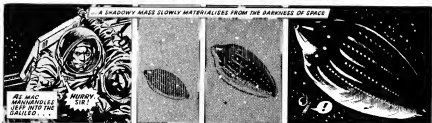


TELL ME
OF THE
JUBILANT
ROOMS
AGAIN!



FROM THE
SATELLITE
WHERE
HAWKE
CONVERSES
WITH TWO
TINY ALIENS,
A SIGNAL
GOES OUT...







...THINGS...TO...COME...T...

TV S.F. News

To counteract NBC's promised live action TV series of *Back Rogers* — CBS-TV have a *War of the Worlds* series up their sleeves. CBS, lowliest of the three American networks for some time, have ordered what they term 'a brief presentation film' from producer Bob Astin, plus six scripts for a potential series. Actually, they say the series will be based much less on George Pal's 1953 movie than on a whole new 'concept' (the Americans love that word; particularly in TV land) by another producer, Frank Cardona, and writer George Schenck.

Extraordinary tales have been coming out of the U.S. Justice Department's anti-trust investigation of the major American TV networks. And their alleged domination of TV production companies. Or, put it another way: checking on network muscle. And at times, that seems somewhat heavier than anything usually employed by the Mafia.

In essence, it's a muddled throwback to the old studio contract system. Muddled, because in TV's case, the studio placing a star on exclusive contract is rarely the production company employing the star in a series. Which, quite naturally, means the production company's hands are tied as to which star to use—and for which network.

For instance, America's Alf Garnett — Carroll O'Connor — is contracted by the Tandem company to make their hit series, *All In The Family*. But he's also got an exclusive contract with CBS. Which means if Tandem ever come up with a great new series vehicle for O'Connor, they could only sell it to CBS, no matter how high the offers from ABC or NBC. And if CBS didn't like the proposed series—finito! And Tandem's right to make what they like, with what star they like is simply not there...

Then there's Richard Anderson... We know him better as Oscar Goldman, boss of *The Six Million Dollar Man* and *Bionic Woman*. Universal made these shows for ABC-TV. ABC approved the Goldman character appearing in both series. ABC surprised everyone by cancelling *Bionic Woman*. NBC surprised no one by taking it over (at a higher price, at that). And then ABC yelled like a stuck pig. The network claimed Oscar Goldman as an exclusive ABC property. He could not appear anywhere else other than in the Lee Majors series.

Universal said nonsense. Or something like that. They pointed out that ABC waived all exclusivity on Goldman when allowing him to segue be-



Lynda Carter—TV's *Wonder Woman* (based on the DC Comics heroine). Creating waves in the States, the Warner Brothers mark 2 series has still to find a buyer in Britain.

tween both the Majors and Lindsay Wagner shows.

Well, that row is still boiling... No one, though, seems to stop and ask Richard Anderson's opinion about the matter. Such as if he wants some almighty network to stop him earning an extra daily crust. But then, he's just an actor. It's Oscar Goldman who is (or is not) exclusive to ABC. Not the poor actor trying to earn a living...

Wonder Woman also stars in these odd telly-tales. An even more befuddled case of network muscle control.

Back in 1973, Warner Brothers made a pilot film for a proposed *Wonder Woman* series. ABC found it 'unacceptable', showed it anyway—they have to fill in the time between the ads, somehow—and were surprised with good ratings. Warners sought a series go-ahead. No way. ABC would go for another pilot, only, and take an option on a full series for a year—until November 1975. With the year up, they asked for a fortnight's extension and got it.

Meantime, Warners showed the pilot to CBS, hoping they'd order a series if ABC maintained cold feet. ABC did, but took so long about it, that CBS went shopping elsewhere for a new series.

Warners, then, were left with two pilots — and no series to show for their investment. ABC next made one of those big, corporate decisions. They ordered two more episodes for 1976.

With CBS long gone, Warners were in a bind. They accepted the minuscule offer, shot the shows and gave ABC a further year's option on buying a series. Nothing! Well, yes, ABC did order eleven more shows, but that's hardly a normal full season's order.

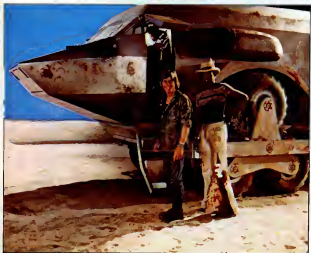
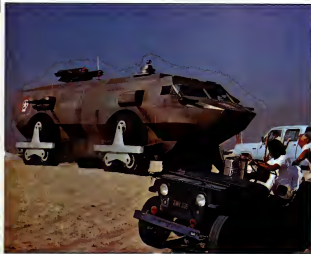
Come the 1977-78 season, ABC had an option to buy 22 more shows. Or drop their interest. Warners feared they'd back out, so once more they talked turkey to CBS for the 22 shows. Eventually, ABC offered to buy a series. But 14 episodes only. Which is why, naturally enough, Warners took CBS's back-up order for a full 22 shows.

That's why it took four years to get *Wonder Woman* Lynda Carter on the air—with any degree of regularity.

Martin Caidin, the man who developed *The Six Million Dollar Man* and *The Bionic Woman* series, has a new item in preparation. And no, we don't mean the oft-rumoured *Bionic Boy* or indeed *Bionic Dog* spin-offs. He's polishing the pilot script for a new (American) NBC-TV series called *Future Lab*. NBC have a lot of faith in Caidin, they snapped up his *Bionic Woman* series when ABC-TV cancelled it last year, one move in the inter-network war that NBC has never regretted. ABC, however, are hitting back by sending Steve Austin to the moon for a two-hour special of his bionic show.

—T.C.

DAMNATION ALLEY



Born *Damnation Alley*, an old novel by Roger Zelazny, this 20th Century-Fox film of same was published as *Survival Run*. Soon to be released in Britain, starring George Peppard, and under its original title.

Flash Back

Following in the wake of the mammoth success, *Star Wars*, reports have it that the character who started it all off is making a comeback!

Flash Gordon, that buccaneer of space heroes, is soon to make a welcome return in a special made-for-TV movie. But it will fill many a fan's heart with dread to hear that Flash's latest adventure will be in... animation!

In the past, animation has invariably appeared to be a "last resort". Remember the *Star Trek* and *Planet of the Apes* failures? Hopefully, this 2-hour special aimed at being aired early 1979 in the USA will fare better.

One of the pluses is that the script is being handled by Sam Peeples, the man behind the TV pilot script "Where No Man Has Gone Before". That one launched *Star Trek* into being one of the greatest-ever TV science fiction shows, so let's hope the formula can be repeated.

The story, set in World War Two, tells us that evil Emperor Ming, deposed ruler of the planet Mongo, has found a new ally in none other than Adolf Hitler.

No news on British distribution so early, but considering George Lucas had originally wanted to produce a new *Flash Gordon* film, and only developed *Luke Skywalker* and his *Star Wars* buddies as an alternative when he found copyright problems too awkward, perhaps there are a few light years left in the old boy yet!

While on the Lucas/*Flash Gordon* theme, a cute idea was suggested in the office the other day... As Ben (Obi Wan) Kenobi represents the last of the Jeddai Knights, it would have been nice if Buster Crabbe, the man who had played both *Flash Gordon* and *Back Rogers* in his youth, had been able to take the role given to Alec Guinness. Still, that's box-office.

Super Redford?

Now it can be told... Robert Redford turned down the *Superman* role because people would laugh when they saw him fly. Know something? He's right!

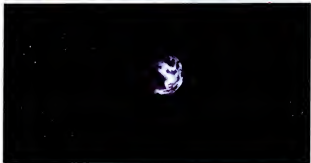
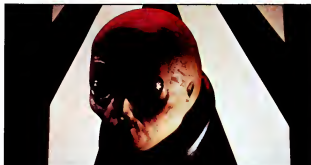
Apparently, both George Lucas and Steven Spielberg were among the directors the movie was offered to. Lucas, of course, had other things on his mind. Spielberg was interested, but the money-men didn't know him from hamburgers. Well, they had heard about *Duel* and *Sugarland Express* and that he was into some fishy venture and decided to "wait until the fish picture comes out". Too late—by then, Spielberg was already up in the clouds with his next venture.

Superbudget

Now it can be told—part 2. *Superman* co-producer Pierre Spengler has been coming clean about the cost of the film(s). The first of the pair, he reckons, will

S...TO...COME.....THINGS...

End of the World



The film is aptly titled *End of the World*. So, no, we're not giving the end away in these after appears/Earth before/Earth after shots. Completed in 1977, this John Hayes-directed film with special effects by "Lasergraphics" has yet to find a British distributor.

finally cost no less than \$30,000,000. *Superman 2* (already shot, alongside No. 1 as per *The Three Musketeers*) will carry just about half: \$15,000,000. Probably, then, the most expensive movie(s) ever made.

The cause behind the massive cost of the first film was in getting Christopher Reeve to fly. "A long, painstaking development of new techniques," is all that Spengler will actually impart about that particular trick. "The man has to fly and we've been working on that since early '76. Little by little it developed, and it's really been operative since the end of August, 1977."

Wars Stars

As *Star Wars 2* is still more than a full 18 months away, when do we get to see any of the starring actors again? That's the major point of many of your letters (for which, thanks). Here are some of the answers. . . .

Mark Hamill is due this way again before you can blink, in one of two different films awaiting release called *Stilgray*. And as look-alike Chris Mitchum stars in the other one, that could be quite a muddle!

Anthony Daniels is due on BBC-TV shortly in a Swedish-shot dramatised documentary about West Germany's Baader-Meinhoff terrorists.

Peter Cushing goes one step further and turns Neo-Nazi leader in the Munich-made spoof *Hitler's Son*.

Plus, if you were fortunate enough to miss it, *The Dorny & Marie Osmond Show* featured *Peter Mayhew* and *Tony Daniels* in their Chewbacca and C-3PO roles for a special spoof of *Star Wars*.

Best of the Rest

(Ex-)Mission Impossible team leader Peter Graves heads up the *Cruise Missile* cast in Italy. His partners include Curt Jurgens, chief villain of the 007 film, *The Spy Who Loved Me*, and another former TV hero, Mike (Mannix) Connors **** Jerry Jameson has rush-completed *The Day The Sun Died* down in New Mexico from a scenario by John Zebra and Andrew Burke **** Richard Chamberlain is the only member of Irwin Allen's *Towering Inferno* to be asked into Allen's killer-bee spectacular, *Swarm* (apart from the same screenwriter, Stirling Silliphant) **** Latest Lucas rip-off cashing in is *Star Pilot* starring Kirk Morris and Gordon Mitchell **** Victor Buono (arch-villain King Tut of *Batman* and Mr. Schubert of *Man From Atlantis*) stars in upcoming *The Force Beyond* **** Former *Cinema X* Rome correspondent Luigi Cozzi is to direct Italy's s-f biggie, *Starcrash*, described as more fantasy orientated than the mechanical, scientific *Star Wars* (?). Off to a good start with Caroline Munro (ex-*People* Time *Forgot* and Lamb's Navy Rum ads) as a Vampirella-looking space siren.

News gathered by:
Tony Crawley & Sam Dill.



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END.

WIZARDS

Review by Alan Jones

One of the saddest things about creating something, anything, is if it doesn't work. When it's got terrific potential, but doesn't realise it. Be it the fault of money, time or talent, it frightens everyone off the whole field, does irreparable damage to the genre.

Such is the case with *Wizards*.

Ralph Bakshi's two early animation films, *Fritz the Cat* and *Heavy Traffic* earned him the title of "the X-rated Disney". He was an innovator and audiences responded with mild shock and a lot of laughter when they realised what could be done (and got away with), in a genre that was believed to be totally reserved for the sub-teen market's favourite stories and fairy tales.

Now events have come full circle. Bakshi was removed from *The Nine Lives of Fritz the Cat* and saw both *Coonskin* and *Hey there, Goodlookin'* shelved by their respective companies. Bakshi obviously thinking he was wide off the audience appeal mark decided to make a film called *War Wizards* in an attempt to bridge the gap between Art, Commercialism and Acceptance.

The final result, *Wizards*, fails. It's mediocre and twee and commits one of the cardinal sins of fantasy cinema—it bores.

The story involves a set of twins born to an ageing elf/fairy in the aftermath of an atomic war. *Avatar* is lovable and cute and grows up to be the wise ruler of Montagar. Conversely *Blackwolf* is a repulsive hideous creature who greedily sets out to extend his kingdom of Scorch into his neighbouring brother's but has failed due to his mutant/goblin force being too imbecile. They need an incentive and this is found in an ancient movie projector complete with Nazi propaganda films. How *Avatar* travels with Elinor, the daughter of their recently assassinated President, and their bodyguard, Weehawk, to vanquish *Blackwolf* constitutes the remaining plotline.

As can be gathered, there's Good and there's Evil, the stereotypes are there for all to identify immediately. *Star Wars* works on the same principles which proves it can be done, but here they are too firmly rooted in cliché. *Avatar* is a scatty Disney-esque seven dwarf type, Elinor a Marilyn Monroe. Tinkerbell alone and particularly pathetic



Above: Peace, the converted assassin, returns to Scorch to aid *Avatar* in his quest for peace. Facing page: *Blackwolf* glows over the victory almost within his grasp, and the conquest of Montagar.

is the Hitlerism involved. Add a droid called Peace, because he defects to *Avatar*'s side and you really have nothing for anyone of intelligence to work out.

The animation throughout the film is of the standard level you find on television these days, with only some Roger Dan inspired backdrops and Mike Ploog sketches of interest. Many scenes are repeated, especially in the battle sequences and even these are mainly composed of old epic footage customised with the additions of wings and fangs. Whole chunks of the film aren't even animated at all. During the monotonous female narration that links the storyline together, all there is on view are

pre-production sketches of scenes obviously not even attempted by Bakshi, that lends yet another touch of cheapness to the whole enterprise.

In the final analysis, however, a talent like Bakshi's must not be ignored by any serious Science Fiction fan. Suffice it to say, all one was asking was an entertainment in its own right and not what it looks like in the way that Bakshi has presented it to the world—an 80 minute trailer/experiment for his upcoming two-part United Artists film, Tolkien's *The Lord of the Rings*.

For bulls only, note the voice of Sean, it's none other than Luke Skywalker himself, Mark Hamill.





Above/Top: Elmer, the fairy princess, held captive by a race of elves. Above: Two of Buckwulf's trained killers from the mutant land of Scorch.

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